

COTE Year 3 Volume 3

Translated by AK

Chapter 3: The First Task

Part 1: Aftermath

It happened less than an hour after the curtain rose on the Special Exam—a battle destined to be a protracted war of attrition.

There were those filled with regret.
Those who hadn't grasped the situation.
Those slumped on the ground, paralyzed and immobile.
And those glaring at Ryuen with hatred burning in their eyes.

Ambushed by Class B under Ryuen's command, Class C had effectively lost half its military strength.

Ryuen looked down at the eliminated members of Class C, observing their varied expressions of despair, and let out a quiet, satisfied sigh.

From the moment he understood the rules of this Special Exam and the lottery determined they would start adjacent to Class C, Ryuen had locked onto a singular strategy.

That strategy was, simply put, to crush Ayanokouji.

In a grueling endurance match spanning four days and three nights, tactics with limited usage counts would typically be conserved for the endgame. That is how the average student thinks; consequently, they avoid early skirmishes.

Ryuen did the exact opposite.

Furthermore, this wasn't merely a gamble to settle the outcome within the first hour. It was, in Ryuen's estimation, the most effective countermeasure against Ayanokouji.

Physical abilities and an intellect that existed in a realm untouchable by ordinary people. The longer the Special Exam dragged on, the more time Ayanokouji would have to think. The more time he

had, the more he would devise methods to utilize his tactics with devastating efficiency. The strategies of Ryuen, Horikita, and Ichinose would eventually be seen through.

Therefore, the solution was to strike preemptively—before Ayanokouji could formulate a concrete battle plan.

It was this ruthless judgment that yielded the current results.

Katsuragi slowly approached Ryuen, who was basking in the glow of his war results.

"I've confirmed with the VIP and Kaneda. We have 3 retired; the enemy has 15. Among those 15 are their target, Kitou, and Nishikawa, who was designated as their VIP. There is no doubt this is an overwhelming victory. Additionally, 3 students were separated from Class C during their retreat. They are currently wandering the vicinity. We should eliminate them before our tactical effects wear off—is that acceptable?"

"Naturally. If it goes well, that settles 18 of them. Not bad."

"However..."

Katsuragi's statement seemed to harbor a lingering concern. He continued:

"Kondou and Komiya haven't returned from chasing the fleeing Class C stragglers. Kondou is heading in a direction where he should catch up shortly. Komiya, however, went completely the wrong way and is essentially isolated."

Bad news received from the Commander.

"Kondou shouldn't have chased that deep alone. Against an alert Ayanokouji, he can't do a damn thing. Cut him loose."

"Then I'll have Yamashita go retrieve Komiya, is that alright? A girl might feel uneasy navigating alone, so I'll assign a male guard to escort her."

To locate a lost student, someone capable of communicating with the

Commander is required.

"Yeah, fine."

Katsuragi proposed sending the minimum number of personnel, and Ryuuen initially agreed.

"No—send 10 people."

Immediately retracting his previous words, Ryuuen ordered a significant increase in the manpower dispatched.

"10 people? You want to increase our insurance even when the combat risk is low? It's not impossible, but it will needlessly drain the stamina of the class."

"I wasn't paying attention earlier, but sending only a few people is equivalent to handing the enemy a hint."

"...I see, is that it? The GPS Jammer is about to expire. Our current position will soon be visible to the enemy, correct?"

"Exactly. They surely know that any group we deploy contains a VIP."

Because tactics exist that can reveal the name and role of a specific student on GPS. Therefore, the timing of Class B's movement carries the risk of exposing the intelligence that Yamashita is the VIP.

But if a group of 10 moves as a unit, even if the opponent uses a 'Search' tactic, the probability of pinpointing the VIP is only one in ten. Even if they are wary of the movement, they will be psychologically resistant to wasting a valuable tactic on a mere gamble.

"What you say makes sense... Are you sure? This will impact our itinerary later."

"More importantly, how much ammo do we have left?"

"We consumed nearly half. We must replenish it via upcoming Tasks, but we can sustain combat for now."

Despite Katsuragi's report, Ryuen did not relax his expression; instead, his vigilance sharpened. The current result was arguably the best possible outcome. Yet, Ryuen had reasons he couldn't simply rejoice.

"Your operation succeeded, but you don't look happy at all."

Just as Katsuragi probed Ryuen for his reasoning, Ishizaki rushed over, brimming with adrenaline.

"Ryuen-san! Let's chase down Class C right now! We're all ready here!"

Several students confident in their physical prowess followed close behind Ishizaki. As soon as Ryuen gave the command, Class B was ready to initiate a pursuit.

"No, that's enough."

Ryuen did not press the attack as originally planned and ordered them to stand down.

"Eh!? W-Why!? Didn't we fight amazingly well?!"

Before executing the raid, Ryuen had instructed them to chase and crush the enemy if they fled. So, after the success, Ishizaki's mind was occupied solely with the hunt.

Katsuragi was also perplexed by Ryuen's unexpected show of restraint.

"Are we really not pursuing? If Class C widens the distance now, we might not get another opportunity to strike them later."

The distance to Class C was currently well within Class B's engagement range. The 'GPS Jammer' tactic could not be used again, making surprise attacks difficult. Katsuragi implied it was better to crush them now while the iron was hot.

"Is there something bothering you?"

"True, if the raid succeeded, I planned to wipe them out completely."

"You don't call these results a success?"

"That monster is tougher to deal with than I imagined."

Ryuuen's gaze fell on the back of Kitou, who had been eliminated and was preparing to trek back to the start.

"We did take some time, but the damage was kept to a minimum."

"It's not a question of damage control. It's a problem of not taking down the King. If we had managed to eliminate Ayanokouji during the raid, I would have let you and Ishizaki go clean up the small fry to your hearts' content. But the most troublesome bastard is still standing. It wouldn't be strange for him to overturn a combat power difference of several times."

Greedily chasing, only to be counterattacked by an opponent occupying superior terrain. Or perhaps falling into a trap laid during the retreat. Such risks existed. After weighing them on the scale, Ryuuen chose to terminate the pursuit.

"Aya... Ayanokouji is indeed a formidable guy. But this is different from a fistfight. With this treasure in hand, even I have a chance to take him out."

Saying so, Ishizaki hoisted the shotgun he was holding.

"If we surround Ayanokouji or back him into a corner, maybe it's possible."

Ryuuen looked toward the depths of the forest where Ayanokouji and Class C had fled. The visibility and footing were far worse than their current location. The dense trees provided ample cover for them to hide their figures and reorganize their formation.

"Since they lost one VIP, Ayanokouji will be forced to go on the offensive whether he wants to or not. There's absolutely no need for us to rush in headfirst."

Part 2: The First Task

After the personnel organization and team allocation were complete, Hashimoto spoke to me again.

"No problems, we can move at any time."

It was almost one hour since the exam started; in a few dozen seconds, it would be 10:00 AM.

Finally, the first 'Task' that would increase our degree of freedom was approaching.

From A1 to O15, the island was divided into a grid. Tasks would spawn in some of these zones. Since it was the first Task, it was necessary to grasp its scale and details first. We were informed in advance that Tasks would not spawn in E14, F13, and F14—where the Commander and faculty were located—nor in grids completely covered by the ocean.

Hashimoto called Shiraishi, who held the walkie-talkie, to his side and spread out the map. Sanada, acting as the analyst, also waited for a signal on the tablet map he carried.

Then—the moment finally arrived.

"There are a total of 10 initial Tasks. First, the locations: B7, D14, E5, G7, G13, H9, J12, L14, M4, and finally N7."

As Sanada called out the coordinates, Hashimoto marked them on the map. Two other students waiting nearby also began scribbling on their maps.

The availability window for all Tasks was one hour from now. Even if you were one second late, the published code would become invalid. Thus, the locations we could physically reach were limited.

Hashimoto spoke up.

"The adjacent G13 is immediately accessible. Then, from a safety

perspective, D14 might be a good candidate. Distance-wise, H9 and J12 are reachable within an hour, but the position of H9 is too advantageous for Class A and Class B..."

"The supplies at H9 are food. If we can secure them, we should..."

We could arrive in time, but H9 was a 10-minute and 15-minute journey for the top two classes, respectively. Even if we were lucky enough to arrive safely, the supply crate might already have been looted.

"That would be snatching food from the tiger's mouth, Sanada. If handled poorly, it will devolve into a three-way melee. No, given that, how about we let Class A and Class B fight it out while we reap the benefits?"

Hashimoto pressed a finger against his chin, moving a pen back and forth on the map with his other hand. But currently, we only had half our personnel; attacking came with immense risk.

"By the way, if I were the leader of Class A, I would discard the H9 Task. If they rashly go for it just because it's closest, they'll surely be attacked by the belligerent Class B," Morishita interjected.

Sanada looked down at the tablet again and offered a suggestion:

"In that case, won't Horikita's class split into two groups and set up a defense line? Even for Class B, breaking through an ambush wouldn't be easy—"

"Hard to say. The possibility exists, but having finally become the first class to enter the northern area, rather than taking a risk, wouldn't the safest choice be to secure the low-hanging fruit first? Retrieve the supplies at G7, then head toward E5."

Giving up the food supplies right in front of us was somewhat painful, but that route was indeed the most solid.

"Then it's decided. We'll start with G13 and D14."

"That's easier to manage too."

The supplies at G13 were ammo; D14 had daily necessities. We would have to address the food problem during the next Task spawn.

"Our main force will move to G13. The detached unit will consist of the VIP Takemoto and four guards. After all, only the VIP can communicate with the Commander to get accurate coordinates."

Since no analyst was accompanying them, communication via the Commander became exceptionally important.

"Stay in close contact with the Commander and bring the supplies back."

"Do we need five people, Ayanokouji? Can't Takemoto go alone?"

"Arrival itself isn't a problem, and D14 is nearly a safe zone, but we must consider unexpected situations where precise arrival isn't possible, or if the volume of supplies is too large to carry."

"I see, we have to consider transport logistics too."

Once opened with the code, could the items be retrieved an hour later? Or was it fine as long as they were removed from the crate? That part of the intelligence wasn't transparent enough, so we had to be prepared.

"Then let's go with five. Without enemies, they shouldn't get involved in any trouble. I'll handle the assignments. By the way, for regrouping, are we returning here?"

"Yeah, let's mark this as HQ for clarity. F13 is fine for gathering. While we quickly recover the supplies at G13, we can also stand sentry at F12 and G12 to prevent Class B from moving south."

If a large number of personnel moved to D14, Ryuuen might send a massive guard force to attack near our HQ. Then we would be driven into a dead end.

Just as we were preparing to leave, I saw Yamamura wearing a face full of anxiety.

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

"Ah... No, it's not that... It's just..."

"Just?"

"It's really scary, isn't it? If I get separated, I won't know the position of my allies or the enemy, right?"

Perhaps hearing the dialogue between the VIP and the Commander sparked her imagination. Class C lost Nishikawa at the start, essentially losing one-third of our mobility. It was normal to feel uneasy about trivial things.

"I can't be of any help either..."

"That's not true. It was my naive judgment that led to the class losing half its strength. But since half still remain, there is hope for victory. Yamamura, surviving even one second longer helps the class."

"Is... just that enough?"

"It is important. Even if you don't hit the opponent, simply not being hit yourself contributes to the class. You can understand the value of both as being equal."

No matter how many comrades we lose, we must find a way to remain until the end.

Yamamura thought for a moment, then nodded slightly.

Part 3: Class A's Strategy

Horikita Class's analyst, Shinohara, looked at the tablet and confirmed the location of the Task area. Afterward, the class immediately contacted the Commander, Matsushita, to obtain the latest GPS intelligence.

"Horikita-san, I think we should continue heading north. Rashly

moving toward the central area H9 might lead to a clash with Class B... or Class C."

Hirata didn't want to lose classmates over supplies of unknown quantity, or get dizzy with greed. He unhesitatingly made a conservative proposal.

"I share the same opinion. Losing classmates in the initial stage of this Special Exam would limit our subsequent strategies. Facing the first supplies, where we don't know the yield, isn't worth such a huge risk."

Moreover, to avoid combat, we had decided to head straight when departing from G12, aiming to reach the northern area in the shortest time. Unless the Tasks appearing nearby were extremely safe, we shouldn't recklessly go for them.

Maintaining a full roster for a long time was the simplest way to secure a top rank in this Special Exam. Horikita immediately had Hirata lead the team to start moving toward G7.

"Speaking of which, serves Ayanokouji right. Beaten by Ryuen and his gang until he wet his pants and fled back to the starting point. And they even lost a VIP, right?"

Horikita heard Ike and the others chatting and laughing behind her. Nearby, Sudou listened, nodded, and walked toward Horikita.

"Suzune. I was really surprised by the fight between Class B and Class C earlier."

"I was shocked too. Launching a general attack using tactics right at the opening of the exam... even if one could conceive such a method, executing it requires immense courage. However, judging by the timing, perhaps it was indeed one of the optimal solutions."

Horikita indicated that at the time, the class's attention was focused on heading to the northern area.

"Yeah. But I didn't expect Ayanokouji to take such a heavy hit so easily."

"...Indeed."

Horikita understood that winning a fight against Ayanokouji was an extremely difficult task. At the stage where four classes left the starting point equally, the one Horikita least wanted to engage was Class C.

"Horikita-san, how do you view his defeat?"

Hirata, walking alongside, asked Horikita out of the corner of his eye.

"My first reaction? 'Is this actually real?' True, Class B playing a trump card right at the start is terrifying, but I didn't expect Class C to suffer such a massive blow."

"Me neither."

"Ayanokouji-kun is—how should I put it... not someone who would let his guard down in this kind of battle."

That was why Horikita, like Sudou, was astonished at first. In Horikita's preconceived notions, it was impossible for Ayanokouji to suffer heavy losses without reason.

The belief that Ayanokouji had no weaknesses was dangerous.

"But if he could read the opponent's intent to strike first, the situation where the class lost half its members wouldn't have happened. He could have run immediately, or had a fierce confrontation."

The actual result was that Class C suffered a massive defeat and fled. The number of Class C students disappearing from the GPS didn't lie.

"I can't completely deny it... Could this be Ayanokouji-kun's strategy? Reducing numbers to cut down on food search time or something?"

"True, reducing companions alleviates the food problem. But if that were the case, withdrawing when such problems arose later would have

the same effect. Reducing numbers at the start has no benefit."

Hirata was correct. Although correct, Horikita couldn't accept it. No, she **didn't want** to accept it.

"Perhaps... I just don't want to frankly admit that he was outsmarted by Ryuen-kun."

Horikita realized she needed to maintain distance from Ayanokouji; he was a formidable enemy standing back-to-back with her.

"It's fine, Hirata-kun. I won't mock his failure, nor will I underestimate him. If we or Class D were in Class C's position, we might have met the same fate."

Facing the distancing GPS signals did make one relax, Horikita whispered.

"But I will gladly accept this result. The current situation is slightly advantageous for our class."

"Because the score difference caused by the number disparity is unavoidable."

After a moment of hesitation, Sudou gently placed his hand on Horikita's shoulder.

"Well, we just do what we can. If it comes to a direct confrontation, whether it's Class B or Class C... even if it's Ayanokouji, we just have to show him what we're made of. Right?"

At least Sudou was more confident in his physical ability than anyone else. No matter how much sweat he had to shed, he would desperately protect the class.

"Let's go. First, head north and secure as many event supplies as possible. Let's gather resources without engaging in futile battles."

With that, Horikita took a strong step forward. After a brief response, Sudou and the class marched north together.

Part 4: Evening Preparations

We successfully recovered the event supplies in the G13 area. Thirty minutes later, Takemoto's group arrived safely at D14. Another 10 minutes passed, and they relayed via the Commander to the VIP Shiraishi that the supply collection was successful. With that, supplies from a total of two areas were successfully seized.

The paintball gun supply crate contained:

- Assault Rifle Empty Magazines × 2
- Paintballs × 100

The daily necessities supply crate contained:

- Lighter × 1
- Mess Tins × 3
- Chopsticks × 3 (pairs)

Although many students were dissatisfied with the daily necessities crate, its contents showed that collecting only food wouldn't suffice. Therefore, there was a high probability we needed to collect both daily necessities and food crates.

The two types of crates we recovered so far shared a common trait: about half their volume was hidden underground. Normally walking on the road, they were hard to spot unless by chance. As long as the correct code was entered to open the lid, the supplies could be taken out.

Later, the second Task spawned at 1:00 PM, and the third at 3:00 PM. The four classes did not engage each other; everyone cycled around, avoiding one another to secure paintballs, food, daily necessities, etc.

The time was approaching 5:00 PM, the time for the final Task spawn.

"So far, we have recovered a total of 5 supply crates. A total of 200 paintballs, 3 catties of rice, 8 cans of various types, a few nuts and chicken meat plus spares, and 15 liters of water—. At least we have the bare minimum harvest."

Calculated based on the nutritional intake required by humans, it couldn't be called enough; it was clearly insufficient. Only 39 supply crates had spawned so far, so we couldn't take much more.

"Should we say we're being suppressed? Anyway, it's so annoying. It's reached the level of a stalker, right?"

Since that raid, Class B had frequently stationed themselves using G9 and G10 as bases. Consequently, we couldn't leave the area near our HQ. The supplies to the west and near the center fell within Class B's hunting range and were recovered.

I could understand Morishita's feeling when calling them stalkers, but for Class B, who succeeded in the raid, this was an ideal positioning and strategy.

"Ayanokouji Kiyotaka. You can just charge into the enemy forces solo and wipe them all out, you know?"

"Acting like an American movie protagonist is a bit much for me. Best case scenario, I take down two or three people and then get beaten back."

"That's it? How spineless. I, known as the Amazon of the Dense Forest, could easily bury 100 people."

If that were true, I'd wish she would defeat all the classes right now and bring us victory.

"You said 'Amazon of the Jungle' before."

"What a petty man. Jungle and dense forest mean almost the same thing. Isn't it better to exaggerate the scale a bit when describing it?"

Although I didn't think so, refuting would be a waste of time, so I nodded.

Part 5: Night Conversations

Around 8:00 PM, Class C students returned to their tents one after another. It was only the first day of the exam. Except for that raid, we hadn't engaged with other classes even once.

In the large tent where I stayed, five boys gathered. Surprisingly, there were no negative emotions; instead, they were chatting enthusiastically about nothing substantial. The main reason was undoubtedly Hashimoto actively and optimistically mediating.

To avoid falling into thoughts of whether we would lose, Hashimoto kept throwing out various topics. The classmates weren't fools either. If they faced the current situation directly, the atmosphere would become depressing no matter what.

The chat expanded from class topics to past funny stories. After Satonaka finished speaking, gazes concentrated on Hashimoto, who was lying on his side.

"Well then, I have to tell a story from the past too."

He spoke with great interest, without any resistance. Watching this scene, one couldn't help but feel that being a 'social butterfly' like him was a kind of talent.

"In my third year of junior high, I reunited with a classmate from the same elementary school. We rode bicycles together to a ramen shop. The shop's lot was huge, and there were a few bikes in the parking area. At that time, one of the bikes wasn't parked in a slot but in the gap between spaces. We didn't think much of it and parked directly on both sides of this bike, sandwiching it.

Just then, the person who parked the bike in the gap, a college-student-looking gloomy guy, walked over. As we passed each other, he was grumbling and looking at our bikes. Then, when we accosted him asking what was up, he said our bikes were in the way and blocking his."

"No, you definitely can't park your bike in the gap along with him," Matoba shouted righteously.

"Well, that's true. But it's weirder for him to act like he's completely faultless and get mad at us younger guys. If the person

who parked was someone scary, he definitely wouldn't have said that. Later, feeling like he lost face in front of us, he spouted a bunch of stuff really fast and ran away."

Leaving aside whether Hashimoto was right or wrong, it seemed everyone had one or two interesting life episodes before becoming a high school student.

"You tell something too, Ayanokouji. Boring trivia like just now is fine."

It felt like it was about time for my turn. However, I didn't have a single interesting life episode to discuss.

"Sorry, I'm stepping out for a bit. There's a problem that needs handling for tomorrow."

I stood up and refused.

"What, like that? Well, can't be helped."

If it involved the Special Exam, no one, including Hashimoto, could object. As if mobilizing his reserves, Hashimoto started telling other interesting life episodes. Seeing this, I walked out of the tent with peace of mind.

Part 6: Midnight Doubt

After 9:00 PM, looking around, although everyone was in their tents, few were asleep; instead, the sound of talking was incessant. A bit further away, among the tightly packed tents, a few emitted faint light in the darkness. The students seemed to be escaping anxiety, maintaining distance while optimistically enjoying life in this environment, protected by the small shelter of their tents.

"Seems they still have mental leeway."

Or perhaps precisely because it was tough, they relied on and protected each other. Regardless, this wouldn't be a problem before the exam started tomorrow.

The two-person tent used by the person I was looking for had its flap closed.

"I have a favor to ask Shiraishi; do you have a moment?"

She might have already been asleep at this time, but I asked with some hesitation.

Then came the subtle sound of fabric friction from inside the tent. Subsequently, the closed flap was unzipped. She held a lantern, illuminating both of us and the surroundings.

"Good evening, Ayanokouji-kun. Is something the matter?"

Shiraishi handed the lantern to me temporarily and crawled out of the two-person tent.

"I want to talk for a bit, can you spare some time?"

"Talk... is it?"

Shiraishi showed a rarely seen confused look. Behind her, her tent-mate Hoash stuck her head out with an expression like she was suppressing laughter.

"Oh my, better not let other boys find out? Or it'll cause big trouble."

"It's not that kind of thing. Right, Ayanokouji-kun?"

"Right—not that kind of thing."

Just in case, I offered that explanation to Hoash, but her grinning face made it hard to believe she bought my statement.

Under Hoash's watchful eye, Shiraishi held the lantern in one hand and moved slightly away from the camp with me.

"Is it a secret conversation?"

"A little bit."

Under the faint glow, Shiraishi's expression had returned to normal. She was emitting a mysterious aura.

"So, what did you want to talk to me about?"

"Regarding my command and actions today, if there are parts that made you feel uneasy, I hope you can tell me. I'm currently a bit lost on how to proceed."

"Uneasy, and lost?"

Despite immediately understanding the reason she was called out, Shiraishi still looked incredulous, bringing her free hand to her mouth.

"It's surprising that Ayanokouji-kun would be lost. Thinking through everything alone, finding answers alone, and never wavering. That is the person you are in my eyes."

The word **surprising** resonated oddly. This gave rise to a new sense of incongruity.

The 'something' I felt from Shiraishi when we were first raided began to expand rapidly at this moment.

Even Hashimoto was worried about the outcome of the battle. Yet Shiraishi had not considered defeat at all and had unwavering faith in victory.

"If I made you feel I'm an unreliable leader, I apologize."

"Not at all. At least I trust you. I believe you will definitely respond to everyone's expectations in the end. So, I don't have any uneasiness."

Shiraishi looked straight at me and answered without hesitation.

"If you wished to be scolded, did I fail your expectations?"

"Even though I failed to see through that raid, you doubt my abilities not one bit. That's fine; I understand that Shiraishi

trusts me."

Shiraishi nodded in agreement, showing a smile brighter than before.

"Then, I will make use of that trust without reservation."

"Within my capabilities, I will provide any help."

Ending the conversation with Shiraishi, I walked her back to her tent. Hoash came out to greet her with a surprised expression, saying, "Back already?", which left a slight impression on me.

On my way back alone to the tent where Hashimoto and the others were waiting, I looked back once at Shiraishi and Hoash's tent.

Shiraishi, who nodded without hesitation to express her trust.

This deviated somewhat from my impression of the student named Shiraishi Asuka.

She knew how to support others. If she thought it was beneficial for the other party, she wouldn't hesitate to tell a white lie. Conversely, if she thought it useless, she would speak her true feelings.

Shiraishi didn't blame me for making a mistake but instead frankly expressed her trust. The loss caused by the raid was massive; it wasn't something that could be dismissed as a simple error.

Flashback to the morning of the second day after transferring to Class C, in an empty classroom, my first private conversation with Shiraishi. That scene was undoubtedly a chance encounter, but what about everything else? I harbored doubts about this.

It was only June. It had been less than two months since spending time with Class C students. True, in the first and second years, there wasn't *zero* contact, but my moving to the forefront to operate things was actually a recent development.

Even boys like Yoshida and Shimazaki didn't know me well yet; Hashimoto, as a follower, was probably the same. Whether it was Hashimoto, Matoba, Hoash, or Morishita, everyone harbored a sliver

of anxiety. Because they didn't have a deep understanding of me. Suspicion was normal.

Yes, that was the strange point.

Why was she surprised that I, as a leader, harbored doubts? She wasn't a student lacking thinking ability. Unless she knew me before advancing to the third year, she wouldn't say such things.

"Is she related to Sakayanagi... or perhaps, a student—similar to her?"

Regardless, this was just a trivial matter.

But to leave an impression in memory, this was the one point I could not forget.

End of Chapter 4